FT
MEADE

PZ 3
.B7387
M
Copy 1

The MESSAGE of CHRISTMAS and OTHER STORIES

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0001939390 2

VIOLA BRASSINGTON

Class PZ3
Book B7384M
Copyright No.

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

THE MESSAGE OF CHRISTMAS

The Message *of* Christmas

And Other Stories

By Viola Brassington

NEW YORK
THE METROPOLITAN PRESS
1910

PZ3
B7387M

Copyright, 1910, by
The Metropolitan Press

© Cl. A 278659

To My Mother

CONTENTS

The Message of Christmas 11

Our Pilgrim Fathers 12

The Soldier's Message 13

Elvin Adair's Poetry 15

The Fair 30

Camping 37

At the Brook 43

School Days 47

THE MESSAGE OF CHRISTMAS

AGAIN 'tis "Merry Christmas,"
And merry bells are ringing,
And happy little children
Carols are sweetly singing.

The same—the old sweet story,
Yet they're telling it again,
Of lost mankind's dear Saviour,
Who was born in Bethlehem.

Unto hearts of young and old
The joy this day is bringing,
Seems the Heavens to unfold—
We hear the angels singing.

Go, with message of Christmas,
Along through the coming years,
Strewing flowers along your path,
And drying humanity's tears.

OUR PILGRIM FATHERS

I SAT, one twilight hour,
And dreamed of my native land,
Reverenced it more and more;
Recalled that brave, little band

Of true Pilgrim Fathers,
Who sailed across troubled seas,
Weary of persecution,
Seeking sweet freedom's peace.

I saw their sons—our fathers
In that great Revolution,
That gave America
Her wonderful constitution.

I saw them now in battle
Amidst the shot and shell,
Saw them die like cattle
For the land we love so well.

I cried:—"Blesséd Fathers,
We pay our homage to thee;
We love our native land,
And will, while this life shall be."

THE SOLDIER'S MESSAGE

"SING on, little bird in yonder tree,"
Sighed the soldier on the battlefield alone,
"Sing on, for thy melody brightens me
As I lie here thinking of home.

Oh, little bird, that thou might'st go
To the old folks so far, far away,
And tell them about me, all you know,
And the victory won this day.

Tell my mother for me to-night,
That I am praying once more,
After another weary fight,
To go to my native shore."

The little bird finished his singing,
And the fight broke out anew;
But never, alas! came the glad day bringing
The soldier back home from the foe.

Over his grave the little bird sings,
But the mother in agonized prayer
Hears not the message the faint breeze brings,
That the songster poured forth to the air.

ELVIN ADAIR'S POETRY

ELVIN ADAIR wrote poetry. Every drawer in the house and almost every book contained here and there a scrap of paper upon which she had been expressing her thoughts in poetic form.

Now, although Elvin was merely a girl of twelve years, she had an idea, that to write poetry at such an early age was surely a mark of genius. However, whether she was an undeveloped genius or not, we shall not discuss, but remain content with the fact that she had written some very good poetry.

Elvin was a very absent-minded girl. She would stand for hours gazing out of the library window with a far-away expression upon her face, and to her mother's inquiry:—"What are you doing, Elvin?" she would answer:—"Composing poetry,

mother," and with a hearty laugh Mrs. Adair would leave her to finish her poetry.

Elvin was not the only child. She had a brother, Richard, a tall, handsome young man of athletic build.

Elvin had often said Richard was not worth having for a brother any more, because he was engaged to be married, and was so wrapped up in his fiancée that he could not appreciate her poetry.

Mrs. Adair often laughingly declared that Elvin and Richard were not at all alike in disposition, nor in anything but handwriting, for Mrs. Adair and even experts of penmanship could not distinguish their writing.

Richard's fiancée was a beautiful girl, belonging to one of the wealthiest families of Morestown.

Many a young man in far better circumstances than Richard, had courted and tried, in vain, to win Florence Franklin;

so Richard felt equally proud and happy to think that Florence really loved him with her whole heart.

One day, Richard, returning home from business, stopped at a florist's and purchased a bouquet of beautiful roses for Florence, and as he hurried home, cane in one hand, and bouquet in the other, he attracted the attention of every one, for surely he looked like a happy, young groom. But Richard was happy because he would soon be with Florence, and smiling, for he was thinking of how sweet was the girl he loved.

Just as he was passing the corner of the avenue on which Florence lived, he caught sight of—whom? Florence—and a young man. Richard started back with a look of astonishment upon his face and his heart throbbed with excitement; but the next minute, he smiled as he said to himself:—"Ah, so Florence's cousin, Mar-

tin, is in town. I must see him to-morrow, without fail. Too bad Stanton is coming this evening." And with this Richard hurried home.

. . . . . .

"I'm going to write tragedy in poetic form," said Elvin, seating herself at her brother's desk. She hunted high and low for a piece of paper upon which to write her poem and, finally, she succeeded in finding a piece of paper upon which, in the lower right-hand corner, was "Richard Adair," which her brother had written. Not wishing to bother erasing the name, for fear she in the meantime might lose her inspiration, she started her tragical poem, and this is what she wrote:—

"O thou traitor,
Mean and false friend,
Enough to say—Farewell,
With us all's at an end.

"Elvin," called Richard from the foot of the stairs.

"Yes," responded Elvin.

"Take this note around to Florence for me, will you?" Elvin did not like the idea of being disturbed, all on account of a note to Florence, just as she was getting along so beautifully with her poem; so with a frown, she answered:—"Yes," and folding her poem that Richard should not see it, she slipped the unfinished verse into an envelope and, taking the other envelope from Richard, hurried out of the room.

All the way around to Florence's home Elvin thought and thought:—What can I rhyme for the second verse? She reached the large driveway leading to the house, but she glanced neither one side nor the other, for she was still racking her brain for something to rhyme for the second verse of her new poem.

She was now at the house and pulled

the bell without even thinking of what she was doing.

The maid, who opened the door, said Miss Florence was in, and asked Elvin if she wouldn't please enter; but still with her mind more on the poem than on either the note, Florence, or Richard, she answered:—"No, Hanna, but please hand this note to Miss Franklin and tell her Mr. Adair sent it." Greatly relieved to know this awful task was over, Elvin hurried home. She placed the remaining envelope in a book and hurried into the dining-room in answer to her mother's call.

Florence Franklin, after she had returned home from a walk with her Cousin Martin, went directly to her room, and feeling quite tired she lay down to rest. She had no sooner lain down, when there came a knock upon the door, and in answer to her call to enter, Hanna came in and

handed Florence the envelope that Elvin had given her, at the same time saying:—"Miss Elvin Adair asked me to give you this. She said: " 'It's from Mr. Adair.' "

Florence jumped up and eagerly took the note from Hanna's hand, and after she had left the room and closed the door, she kissed the envelope, at the same time saying:—"Dear Richard." Then, she tore it open eagerly, anxious to see what Richard had said; but the next minute she threw herself down upon the couch and sobbed bitterly,—"O, what have I done? Richard and I have never had a cross word, and yet he calls me a traitor, a mean and false friend; he has broken our engagement, without a word of explanation. O Richard, how could you?" she cried.

"Ah, I see it now," said Florence to herself," he has seen me with Cousin Martin. But no, Richard was never jealous of a

soul; he was too good, too noble; but what can it mean?"

At last a new thought occurred to Florence, and, drying her eyes, she hurriedly dressed for the evening. She soon made her appearance in the library, looking very calm, but sad. Finding no one there when she entered, she seated herself at her desk and wrote a long letter of farewell to Richard. She then sent Hanna out to mail it.

. . . . . .

The many friends of the Franklins were greatly surprised, when they learned in a few days that Mr. and Mrs. Franklin and Florence had gone away for an indefinite period, and that the engagement between Florence and Richard had been broken. What a stir was created in the social world by the broken engagement! Did her parents object to the match? No,

they had always liked Richard Adair very much; for Mr. and Mrs. Franklin had never for an instant hesitated in saying so. Was he too poor? No, Florence knew that Richard wasn't as wealthy as some of her former admirers. Perhaps Florence loved another. And thus, they questioned and discussed the subject, till people grew almost weary of it.

Mrs. Adair tried to console her son, and Elvin to comfort her brother, but all in vain. He could not be comforted.

Great was the surprise of Mrs. Adair and Elvin, when, one morning, he made known his intention of going away. To Mrs. Adair's inquiry, "Where are you going, Richard?" he answered:—"I don't know, mother; nor do I care; but, wherever I go, you shall hear from me as soon as possible." And so, with sincere tears and kisses from his mother and sister, Richard Adair went away.

"The Kensington," the finest hotel in the Orange Mountains, was filled with a jolly lot of young people, all bent upon having a good time.

Just six months had passed since Florence had written her letter of farewell to Richard Adair.

One beautiful, moonlight evening, all the young people of the Kensington, accompanied by a chaperon, went for a hay ride through the mountains. Until the hay riders got a great way off, those on the veranda of the Kensington could hear their singing, laughing and blowing of their horns. Among the guests who could hear the jolly party were Mr. and Mrs. Franklin and Florence.

It pained her parents very much, indeed, to see Florence, formerly of such happy, jolly nature, now sadly dreaming of happy days gone by, and constantly refusing to join the young people in their pleasures.

One beautiful afternoon, Florence, who was very lonely, her parents having gone for a drive, with only her solemn thoughts for company, went for a stroll through the mountains. She soon paused in her walk and seated herself beneath a large, shady willow tree. She had brought a magazine with her, but her thoughts would not allow her to enjoy its contents. She had sought the shade of the willow tree to meditate, and this she did.

"Mother and father must have returned by this time," she said to herself, after she had sat and dreamed of other days for more than an hour; she arose and started for the Kensington. As she walked along, she saw coming toward her a hunter. She paid no attention to his coming, for hunters with their horses and dogs were, indeed, a familiar sight to her, but every now and then she would stoop and pluck a flower that appealed to her.

Nearer and nearer came the hunter, till just as Florence stooped to pluck a little wild rose, the hunter passed by. She did not turn to look at him, but was about to continue on her way, when she was startled by a familiar voice exclaiming:—"Florence Franklin, thank God, I have found you at last."

Florence turned quickly, a frightened expression on her pale face, which changed immediately to one of contempt.

"Well, Mr. Adair, what are you doing here?" Her tone was very cold and she looked at him with even a colder expression.

"Florence, to find you," he responded, not paying the slightest bit of attention to her manner nor to her "Mr. Adair"—"to ask you to explain why you broke our engagement." She smiled at him, sarcastically, and her tone rang with sarcasm.

"Have you so soon forgotten?"

"No, indeed. Ah, how much better had I come and explained matters myself, instead of writing." His tone was one of regret.

"I needed no explanation," she said, "I can read quite well." For a few minutes, he gazed at her with a puzzled expression. Suddenly, he exclaimed, at the same time trying to take her hand:—"O Florence, and will you allow a man, unintentionally —a man with whom we are the best of friends, to blight our lives and part us forever?" She drew her hand away quickly, but her tone of voice softened a little, though her face looked determined, as she replied:

"It was your own fault. You accused me of being a traitor and a false friend. When was I ever untrue to you?" And her eyes filled with tears.

"Why, Florence," he cried excitedly, "what under Heaven do you mean?

When did I call you a false friend? When did I say you were a traitor? Tell me, I beg of you." Richard was greatly disturbed and Florence was weeping. She drew from her magazine the note that Elvin had left for her and handed it to Richard. "Read this," she said. He took the note, glanced at it and exclaimed, with a tone and expression of the deepest disgust:—"Good Heavens, it's Elvin's poetry.

"Now," said he, "I shall tell you what the note that I sent to you contained. The day your Cousin Martin came, I had to see Will Stanton on business, so I wrote telling you that I was very sorry, but could not possibly see you that evening——"

"Richard, do forgive me," cried Florence, holding out her hand to him, and looking very sorry. "I see it all. Elvin has been writing tragedy and by mistake——"

"Never mind, little girl," he said, interrupting her, at the same time putting his arm around her waist. "Only, let us be thankful that I had a chance to explain all."

The sun, now setting beyond the mountain-top, smiled down upon the happy, reunited lovers. The birds filled their hearts with joy and the willow, beneath which they stood, smiled down upon them its richest blessing.

As Florence and Richard returned to the Kensington, they forgave, with all their hearts, the little girl in Morestown—Elvin Adair, who is still writing poetry.

THE FAIR

EDNA LOUISE BARNARD was the only daughter of a wealthy manufacturer. She was a very pretty little girl of eight years, with an abundance of light brown hair and dark brown eyes.

Edna and I always were the best of friends and we were inseparable. Every morning, we would hurry off to school together, and every afternoon return home planning some fun.

"Vivian," said Edna one day, as we were returning from school, "I have a good idea." Immediately, I was all attention. I was not at all surprised at Edna's having a good idea; I was so fond of her that I thought all of her ideas were good.

"What is it?" I asked, slipping my arm through hers.

"When we get home, let us organize a social club and hold a big fair. Will you?"

"Oh, goodie, I surely will," I cried, dancing for joy. "But, what shall we have for a club house?"

"Our barn," Edna replied, smiling. And as we continued on our way we discussed fully the necessary details for organizing a club.

Edna and I lived side by side, and as we drew near home we saw, sitting on the front porch, my Brother Will. He was a mischievous little fellow, just Edna's age. We called to him and told him that we had a great secret to tell. Will was very fond of secrets, so he ran eagerly to hear what it was.

When Edna had finished telling him of our intention to organize a club, Will gave a shout for joy, threw his hat into the air, soon catching it, and then walked sensibly by our side.

Edna and I put away our books and started to work on the club house. Imme-

diately, there was heard the greatest noise of commanding voices. Edna and I gathered a lot of flowers from the garden, while Will procured a step-ladder, and mounting it, with a hammer and some nails he soon decorated the club house. We thought the decorations beautiful. We brought from our homes a desk, a table and a lot of chairs, and we found, after searching awhile, carpet enough to cover the floor. And ere the sun went down that day we had, instead of a barn, a beautifully furnished club house, and we were proud indeed of our day's work.

That night, we decided to get up early the next morning and find a lot of children who would like to join our club.

The next morning we did arise very early; but, somehow, the time for starting to school arrived so soon, we could not accomplish anything. However, in the afternoon, we found seven children who

were anxious to become members of our club.

At the first meeting held that afternoon in the club house, Edna was chosen President; Will, Secretary; and I, Treasurer.

"Now," said Edna, as she arose from the President's chair, with an air of great importance, "when shall we hold our fair?"

"I say we vote on the date," replied Will; for he thought this quite an important matter.

So we all voted on the question and it was decided the next Saturday afternoon we should hold our fair.

"But where shall we hold it?" asked Mildred Burton, with wondering expression. This club house is too small.

"Aunt Sarah will let us hold it in her barn, I am sure," said Joe Sullivan, and he shook his head to emphasize his faith in his aunt.

"Let us all go and ask her," I suggested. So we all hurried off in great spirits to interview Aunt Sarah Sullivan.

Joe's aunt, Sarah Sullivan, a stout, jolly, gray-haired woman, who loved children, was greatly amused at the idea of our organizing a social club, but she offered to help us in any way that she could. So we were not at all astonished when Aunt Sarah consented to our holding a big fair in her barn.

During that week, we were a very busy lot of girls and boys, and by the time Saturday, June the tenth, arrived, we had a great number of beautiful articles to sell.

. . . . . .

Saturday afternoon, at two o'clock, all was ready. I shall never forget the picture that we girls and boys made. Edna wore a very pretty white dress and her hair hung in long braids down her back. My

sister, Alice, was also in white and I never saw these two look so well. They were in charge of the fancy booth.

In the center of the barn stood Aunt Sarah's flower stand and upon it was a large iron pot containing lemonade. Mildred Burton, a thin, delicate-looking girl, in a pretty blue dress and her golden hair a mass of ringlets, stood with a big tin dipper in her hand, patiently waiting to moisten the lips of some thirsty, but charitable stranger.

Joe Sullivan and his brother, David, stood at the barn door to see that each person who entered would pay the admittance fee of two cents.

Will was in charge of the candy booth.

Everything was going along smoothly, indeed, and great sales were being made; for Aunt Sarah and Uncle Sullivan patronized us most beautifully, when Alice, who was now standing alone behind

the fancy booth, heard a terrible racket in the next stall. Tidy, the cow, had stood the noise and confusion for a long time without a sound, but suddenly she *mooed* in a loud voice, jumped ahead and then back. Alice could see nothing but Tidy's breaking loose, and in her great haste to get out of the barn, she fell head first, sprawling over the fancy booth, on to the floor. There were not two fancy articles now fit for sale.

The girls screamed, but the boys were very angry, while Aunt Sarah and Uncle Joe laughed heartily.

Edna, fearing that a quarrel would ensue, proposed that the treasurer take the proceeds and keep it till some future date. And her good advice was followed.

Though innocent, ugly Tidy had brought to such sudden close this "wonderful fair," we all were delighted when we found that our proceeds amounted to *just seventy cents.*

CAMPING

ONE day, a lot of girls and boys with Edna and myself, were gathered around the old well in Aunt Sarah's yard, talking of war and its many horrors.

"The part that I should like," said Mildred Burton, "is sleeping all night in a tent." As she spoke, she seated herself upon the ground.

"That must be great fun," exclaimed Edna, for she was always ready for any strange adventure.

"Let us play war," suggested David Sullivan, with enthusiasm, as he looked from one to the other for a word of approval. "No, I will tell you what—let us build a tent in the apple orchard and sleep in it all night."

"O wouldn't that be fun," laughed Mildred, clapping her hands with delight.

"Yes, but who would protect us from any danger?" asked Edna, doubtful of its being a wise suggestion.

"We boys, of course," David responded, looking his bravest.

So we decided to pitch a tent and then get permission of our parents to sleep in it all night. Aunt Sarah gave us two old sheets that she had cast aside, and immediately we began making the tent. By the time the dinner hour arrived the tent was finished and everything in shape.

During dinner, after a great deal of teasing, we won the consent of our parents to allow us to camp out all night.

. . . . . .

It was an extremely dark night. In the center of the tent stood a lighted candle. Around it were seated all the girls and boys and we appeared a brave, happy lot of children.

"Some one tell a story," said Edna, after we had all seated ourselves.

"I will tell a fine story that I once read, if you care to hear it," said David. We all expressed a great desire to have him tell the story, so David began:—"Once upon a time two boys went out camping near a dense forest when it was very dark, and, in the middle of the night, two masked men with revolvers in their hands——

"Wait a minute," interrupted Edna, "we have nothing with which to defend ourselves if the men should come after us."

"Nonsense," sneered David, "we boys are not afraid; we will defend you, so do not worry about that. "Well, as I was going to tell you," he continued, "the men ran into the tent, captured both the boys and tied their hands and feet."

"Hark," whispered Mildred, "I feel some one is creeping near the tent." As she spoke she drew a little nearer to David.

"Mildred Burton, if you want me to finish this story, do not act like a baby," growled David, frowning terribly at her as he spoke.

As David continued to tell his story, larger and brighter grew every eye; for we all were beginning to grow a little nervous.

"After the men had tied the boys," laughed David, "they——

Crick-crack-crick—steps were heard coming closer and closer. We all listened, almost breathlessly, hoping that we had only imagined that some one was coming, but no, louder and louder grew the sound and nearer came the footsteps.

Now David was frightened. He whispered that he would get a large stick that was near the tent door, but, in his endeavor to do so, he knocked over the candle, extinguishing the only bit of light, and not one of us had a match.

This was enough for us all. No longer could we bear the awful suspense, and in another minute the night was anything but a silent one, for we all screamed to the tops of our voices: "Mother," "Father," "Aunt Sarah," "Uncle Joe." In the darkness we could see, plainly, the masked men that David had told us about and we knew well that our fate would be the same as the fate of the boys in David's story.

Uncle Joe must have been near, for, in less than a minute, he, with his lantern in his hand, stood laughing in our midst.

But what had been the cause of our fright? Whose footsteps had we heard? There, beside the tent, calmly chewing her cud, stood Tidy, innocent Tidy, the cow.

"Well, children," laughed Uncle Joe, "don't you want to remain in camp for the rest of the night?"

"No, indeed," we all responded.

"I have had enough of camping out at

night," said Edna. "It just proves, anyway, that boys are not always as brave as they sometimes think they are." She looked disgustedly at David and the boys.

With this, we all hurried home, declaring that we had had, for the remainder of our lives, enough of camping at night and that home was not only the safest, but the "best" place on earth for any child to be.

AT THE BROOK

"COME, boys, let us go down to the brook and have some fun catching frogs," cried Joe Sullivan, as he started for the brook. The boys, tired of playing games, hurried after him.

"Come, girls, let us go too," suggested Mildred Burton, and, in a few minutes, we all reached the brook, which ran through Aunt Sarah Sullivan's farm.

"What are you going to do with the frogs after you catch them?" asked Alice, with anxious face.

"Cut their legs off, fry them and eat them," answered Joe, laughing at her anxiety. He had seated himself upon a rock and was now removing his shoes and stockings, so as to wade in the brook.

"Oh, how cruel," cried Mildred, looking horrified. "I am going to tell your Aunt Sarah," and she started for the house.

"No, don't go," called David, "I shall hold the frogs for Joe, after he catches them." He turned his back toward Joe and winked mischievously at the girls.

"Ah, here is a fine fellow," shouted Joe, who had now waded into the brook and was holding to view a poor, frightened frog that was kicking and squirming in hope of escaping from Joe's firm grasp.

"You cruel, cruel boy," exclaimed Alice, angrily, "how can you be so cruel? You——"

"Here's another," interrupted Joe. "He was a hard one to catch. Here, Dave, take him." And he handed David the second frog. David, apparently, was so interested in the second prisoner that, as he took him from Joe, he dropped the first. "Ah, Joe," said David regretfully, "he slipped out of my hand." The girls were delighted and they gave David a smile of approval, but Joe was very angry.

"David Sullivan," he exclaimed, "if you don't know how to hold frogs, say so and I shall get some one else." David promised to be more careful, so Joe forgave him and continued catching frogs.

Reaching directly over the brook, near the place we all were standing, was a small tree, or what Uncle Joe Sullivan called a "sapling." Richard Freeman, a little boy of five years, thought that the top of this tree would afford a good view of the brook and of Joe, so without attracting the attention of any one, he climbed to the top.

"Oh, what a good dinner I shall have tonight," cried Joe, smacking his lips, as though then enjoying the meal, at the same time handing David the third frog. "Wait till—" — crick, crack — splash. "What is that?" we all cried in one voice. Behold, the tree, in the top of which little Richard had been seated, broke, and Richard fell head first into the brook.

David was the first to run to his assistance and, in doing so, he dropped Joe's only frog. Just then we heard the dinner bell and we all parted for the day. The girls were delighted to think that Joe would be disappointed in not having a meal of frogs.

SCHOOL DAYS

VACATION was over. The studies that had for so long been forgotten were once again taken up.

Now, my time and attention were devoted to one of the greatest of all instruments—the violin. My parents, appreciating my talent for and eagerness to learn the violin, made arrangements for me to study at a celebrated school of music in the city of C——.

One day, soon after this, Edna came over with a face wreathed in smiles.

"Vivian," she said, "mother and father have promised that I may attend college." Edna was always very fond of study, so I was not at all surprised at her wishing to attend college, and I was not only amazed, but extremely sorry, when she continued:

"Just think, Vivian, I am going to Pro-

fessor Milburn's Seminary for Young Ladies, and will be away four years." Milburn's Seminary was the best school for young ladies in the country and, surely, this was a great opportunity for Edna. But, if she had said that she would be gone for fifteen years, the time could not have seemed longer to me.

My solemn face caused Edna to laugh heartily.

"O Vivian, don't look so sad. I shall promise to write every day," she said consolingly.

Realizing that Edna should not be discouraged in her ambition, any more than I, in a few minutes I cheered up and told her of the great opportunity afforded me.

Altogether too soon the day arrived when Edna started for school. Our parting at the station was a most affectionate one and, I really think, it was quite fortunate that the train came along sooner than

we had expected, or Edna might have changed her mind about leaving me for so long.

Now, of course, it will be impossible for me to tell you all that happened while Edna was at college. So we shall leave her with her studies at "The Milburn Seminary," and I, with mine at the school of music.

. . . . . .

One beautiful June morning, just after a storm, the flowers sent forth a sweet fragrance and in the trees near our front porch the birds sang their sweetest. I was sitting on the porch, alone, and could not help being happy on such a morning. Then, too, I had in my hand a letter from Edna.

Every day, true to her promise, I had received from her a jolly letter, telling me of the pranks that the girls would indulge

in, after the hours for study were over. This letter was quite different from any that I had yet received from her and this was what she said:

My Dear Old Vivian:

Well, I suppose you are delighted to think that my school days are drawing to a close and that I shall soon be home again.

The only reason that I am glad is, that you and I can have good times together, otherwise, I am sorry, for I have had an extremely good time during my four years at school.

Now, Vivian, dear, you know the Graduating Exercises are to be held on Thursday evening of this week, but on Wednesday evening there is to be, in honor of the Graduates, a Carnival. This is said to be a wonderful sight.

Vivian, I want you to come out to the school on Wednesday, June the twenty-

sixth, so as to attend the Carnival and the Graduating Exercises too. And, my dear, I shall introduce you to all of the girls.

Now, don't you dare let anything prevent you from coming.

With heaps of love, I am,

Yours as ever,

EDNA.

. . . . . .

Wednesday morning, June the twenty-sixth, came and it was one of the most beautiful mornings for traveling that I ever remember. It was just cool enough to make it delightful.

The preparations for my trip to Milburn Seminary having been completed, on Wednesday morning at 8 A. M., I was ready to start on my journey.

I did not reach the Central Depot until 10:15, and found I had but a few minutes to wait. Soon, the train came

along and, amid the shouting of the conductor, the blowing of the engine's whistle, and the running to and fro of people, I got aboard and, as I seated myself in the train, I thought, now for a delightful journey.

I enjoyed the scenery to the fullest extent, and it did not seem a great while before our train pulled into Milburn station.

As we neared the station, I put my head out of the car window to see if I could catch a glimpse of Edna. There were a great many people, young and old, who stood impatiently waiting for our train to stop, so eager were they to welcome some friend or relative. Feeling that my effort to recognize Edna among so many would be a vain one, I was just in the act of drawing my head in from the window, when I heard a familiar voice and I saw, frantically waving her hand—dear old

Edna. I snatched up my grip and was hardly out of the train, when Edna flew into my arms and welcomed me with a warm embrace.

But how Edna had changed! Her hair no longer hung in a thick braid, but was now arranged, gracefully, upon her head. Her dress was no longer to her knees, but was the length becoming to a young woman. She was not proud, but now possessed the dignity of a college girl. But, with all these changes that I noticed at a glance, there still remained the same jolly spirit, the same sweet face and voice of my Edna, and she felt the same deep affection for me, I am sure.

After we had exchanged our warm welcome, Edna introduced me to several of her chums, and we then entered a carriage and were driven to the college.

I often wondered how Edna could be content away from home and friends so

long, but, after I had made the acquaintance of her college chums, I ceased to wonder; for they were extremely nice girls.

We had luncheon as soon as we arrived at the college, after which I was escorted around the grounds, and I must say, I thought Milburn Seminary an ideal school for young ladies.

. . . . . .

June the twenty-sixth, the Carnival was held on Wessley Lake, in honor of the Graduates. Thousands of people attended this Carnival and I will try and give a brief description of it.

Around the lake and across it, thousands of electric lights were strung and every building near the lake and on the college grounds was lighted with Japanese lanterns.

The night was beautiful.

Promptly at 8 o'clock, the signal for starting was given, and immediately about fifty boats, beautifully decorated with lanterns, flags and flowers, moved slowly down the lake on one side and up again on the other. At both ends of the lake, while the boats moved along, there was a grand display of fireworks. And a band, on the banks of the lake, rendered the best of music.

Just as the Carnival drew to a close, and the band had played "Home Sweet Home," there was heard the college cry of the girls:

"Rah! Rah! Rah! who are we?
We are the girls from Milburn—see.
Is Milburn in it? Well, I guess—
Milburn, Milburn, is the—best."

With a shout of laughter from the audience, the Carnival, in honor of the Graduates, was over.

The night of graduation had also passed. The morning after, Mr. and Mrs. Barnard, Edna, and I were at the station, waiting for the train. We were surrounded by about fifty girls who had come to say good-bye to Edna, and while these girls are saying *their* good-bye, let us say good-bye to her, and to the happy days of childhood, that have, forever, passed away.

DEC 29 1910

One copy del. to Cat. Div.

DEC 29 1910